

FABLES

FOR
THE

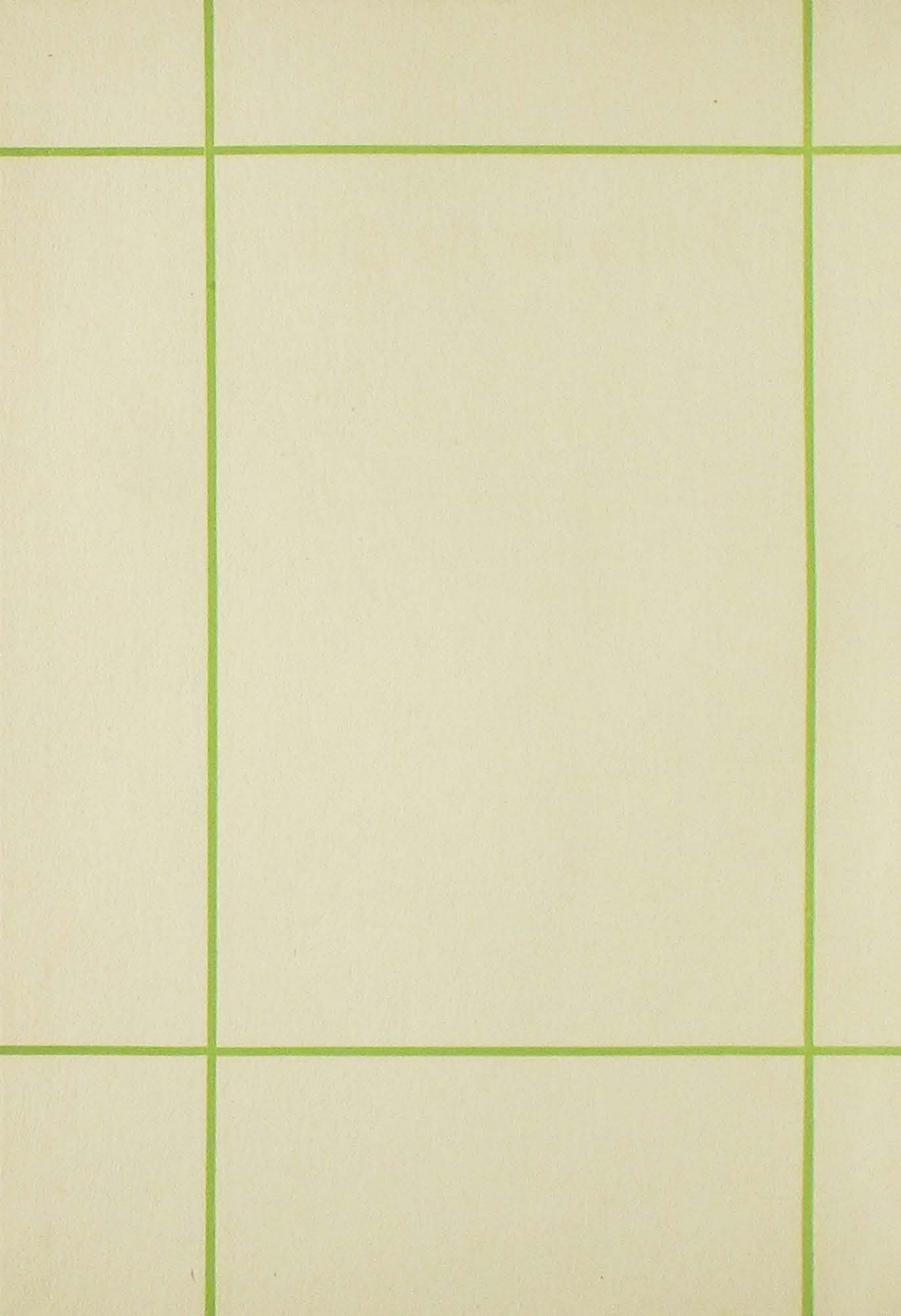
FAIR

By
Josephine Dodge Paskam



Edna Stone
From
B. G. S.

1901



Fables for the Fair



Fables for the Fair

By

Josephine Dodge Baskam

Charles Scribner's Sons
New York
1901

Copyright, 1901, by
Charles Scribner's Sons

The Crow Printing Company
New York

Fables in this Book

	Page
I. The Woman Who was not Athletic	1
II. The Woman Who Helped her Husband	7
III. The Woman Who Used her Theory	13
IV. The Woman Who Looked Ahead	17
V. The Woman Who Fell between Two Figures	23
VI. The Woman Who Understood Opera	27
VII. The Woman Who Made a Conquest	33
VIII. The Woman Who Made a Good Wife	37
IX. The Woman Who was Too Disinterested	43
X. The Woman Who Deliberated	47
XI. The Woman Who Believed in Early Rising	53

Fables in this Book

	Page
XII. The Woman Who Took Advice	57
XIII. The Woman Who Took Things Literally	63
XIV. The Woman Who Had Broad Views	67
XV. The Woman Who Mourned her Husband	71
XVI. The Woman Who Played "Cyrano"	75
XVII. The Woman Who Caught the Idea	81
XVIII. The Woman Who Helped her Sister	87
XIX. The Woman Who Could not Sew	91
XX. The Woman Who Married her Daughter	95
XXI. The Woman Who Could not Help Herself	101
XXII. The Woman Who Bribed her Niece	105
XXIII. The Woman Who Knew Too Much	111
XXIV. The Woman Who Talked Well	117
XXV. The Woman Who Adapted Herself	121

THE WOMAN WHO WAS NOT
ATHLETIC



THE WOMAN WHO WAS NOT ATHLETIC



HERE was once a Woman who wore High-heeled Shoes and a Tight Corset. Both These are Highly Injurious and Inartistic to the Last Degree. One Day she Went out to the Links with a Sensible Friend who wore a Sweater and Man-fashioned Shoes. There they Met two Men playing Golf.

"I Fear I shall only Be in your Way," said the Woman who was Not Athletic. "I Cannot Play the Game at all. I do Not Know a Caddy from a Bunker, nor a Foursome from a Tee."

"Not at all. I will Describe the Game to You," said the Men.

"Oh, Thank you, but One will be

Fables for the Fair

Quite Enough," she replied, and she Selected the Best-looking and the Other Went out after the Sensible Friend.

"May I Carry your Parasol?" said he when they had Started.

"If you will Be so Good," she answered. "It is very Foolish, I know, but my Skin is so Absurdly Thin, and the Sun Blisters it so."

The Sensible Friend came up just Behind, and Mopping her Face, she said, "You are too Ridiculous. A Rose-colored Parasol on the Links! You are Keeping Him from Playing, too. He will get Out of Practice."

"Oh, I Hope Not," said the Woman who was Not Athletic.

"Do not be Alarmed," said the Man, "It is All Right."

"Moreover, I Saw him Help you Over a Fence," said the Sensible Friend, as she

Fables for the Fair

Waded through a Muddy Brook. "That Game is Out of Date."

The Woman who was Not Athletic looked Pensively and for Some Time at the Man.

"I am Spoiling Everything," she said softly. "Let me Go Home, and then You can Play."

"But then You could Not Learn the Game," said he, Sitting down under a Kind of Artificial Watershed and Watching the Rose-colored Reflection of her Parasol.

"Is this a Bunker?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied; "Its Purpose is to shield People Who wish to be Alone from Observation."

"Oh!" said she. "Then What is a Hazard?"

"Well," he replied, "This is sometimes Called a Hazard, too, because There is a Chance that Some one may Come By after all."

Fables for the Fair

"Oh!" said she. "Then over That Wall Behind that Big Rock is one of the Best Bunkers on the Links, is n't it?"

"It is, indeed," he replied. "You Pick Up the Game very Rapidly. Come over There, and I will Explain it Further to You."

"You are So Good," she said, as he Lifted her Over the Wall.

"Not at All," he replied Politely.

Some Time Afterward the Sensible Friend, who was Engaged in Wallowing Through some Underbrush and Falling into a Pond in Search of her Ball, Passed by Them on the Return Course, and seeing them Seated against the Wall, noted their somewhat Unoriginal Attitudes. She was Surprised.

This teaches us that You need Not Teach an Old Dog New Tricks.

THE WOMAN WHO HELPED
HER HUSBAND



THE WOMAN WHO HELPED HER HUSBAND

THERE was once a Woman whose Husband Depended on the State of the Market for his Daily Toast. One Day he Appeared before Her with a Sad Countenance.

"All is Over, my Dear," said he. "Wheat is 'Way Down, and I Doubt if after To-morrow we shall have More than Ten Thousand a Year to Live On. I am Sorry that I Married you to Drag you Down to This, but I must Tell you Sooner or Later. I am a Ruined Man."

"Nay, do not Lose Heart," said his Wife. "Can you not Speculate Further?"

"I Cannot," he replied, "for I have Lost my Nerve. My Friends Urge me to Throw what I Have into Copper, but I Dare Not. Five Thousand a Year

Fables for the Fair

would Hardly buy Croquettes for Two. I would Better Keep what I have Saved from the Smash."

"At any rate," said she, "Come Out and Have some Lunch. Let us Go to Sherry's and get a Nice Little Bird; then you will Feel Better."

"Bird!" exclaimed her Husband. "Unhappy Woman, if you see Anything Better than Broiled Chicken and Beef à la Mode for the Rest of Your Life, you will Do Well. In My present Frame of Mind I would Suggest a Night Lunch-cart."

"Let us have One Good Meal, at least," urged his Wife, "Before we Die to the World. I have Twenty Dollars in my Purse. I will Buy our Lunch with that. After that the Night-Lunch."

"Very Well, for the Last Time," replied her Husband.

They then went to an Expensive Res-

Fables for the Fair

taurant and Ate a more than Satisfactory Luncheon. At the end of it her Husband said :

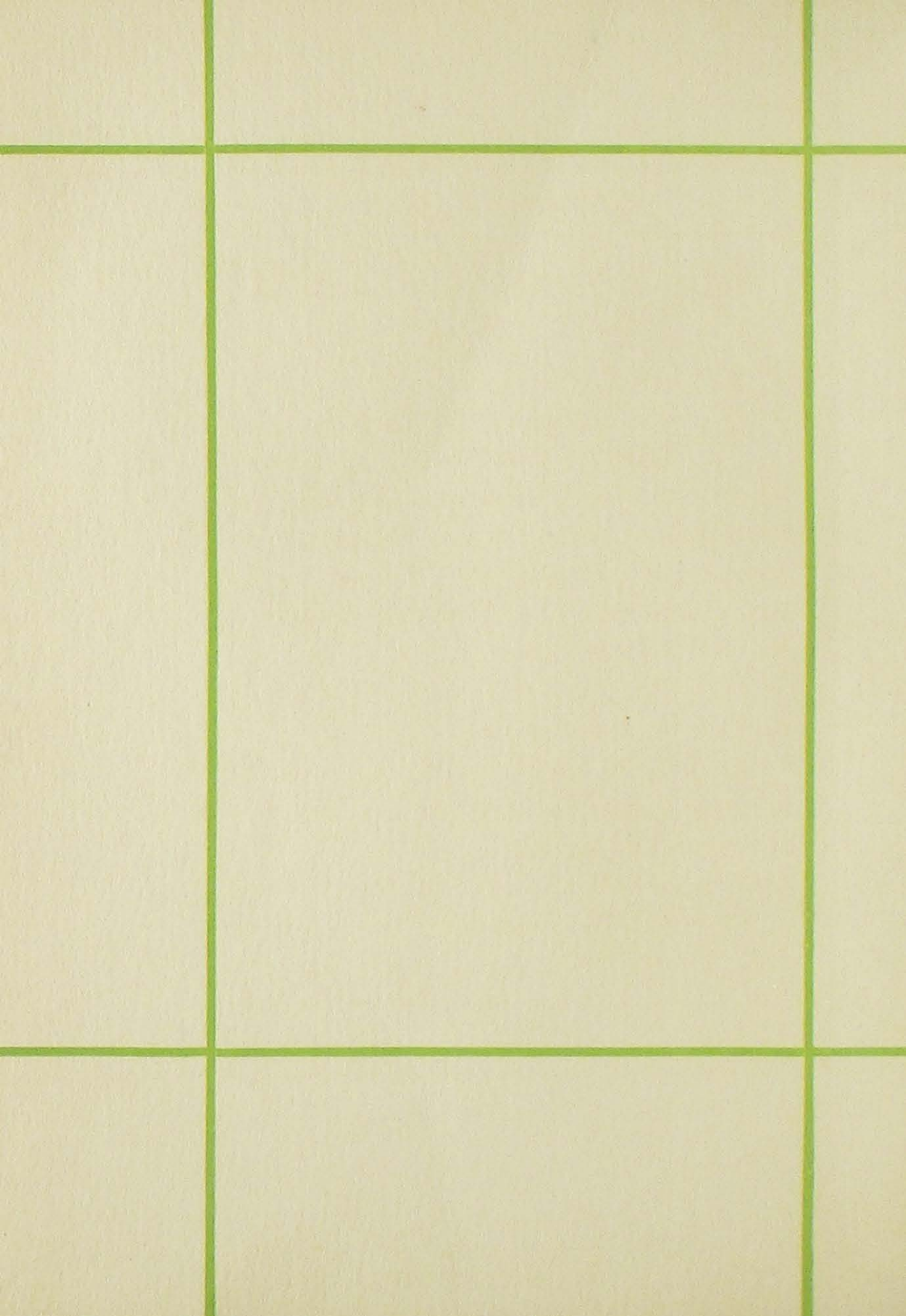
“ I think Better of that Copper than I Did.”

Then he went Back to Wall Street and Made Sixty Thousand Dollars in Thirty-eight Minutes.

This teaches us that Digestion is the Better Part of Valor.



THE WOMAN WHO USED
HER THEORY



THE WOMAN WHO USED HER THEORY

THERE was once a Woman who had a Theory that Men did Not Care for Too Much Intellectuality in her Sex. After this Theory she shaped her Actions, which Shows her to have been a Remarkable Woman. One day a Man asked her if she Belonged to his Sister's Ibsen Club.

"Oh, no," she answered, "I Cannot understand Ibsen at all."

The Next Time he called he brought her a Bunch of Violets and asked her if she read Maeterlinck.

"No; I think it is Very Silly," she replied.

Then the Man brought her a Box of Chocolates, remarking, "'Sweets to the Sweet'—do you not think Shakspeare was Right?"

Fables for the Fair

The Woman saw that she was Making Progress. Now was her Time to Stop, but this she Did Not Perceive.

"Shakspeare?" said she. "Oh, yes, I have read a Little of His Works, but I do not see Much Sense in them, to tell the Truth."

"Nay, nay," said the Man, "this is Too Much. Not to Understand Ibsen shows that you are a Good Woman; to think Maeterlinck Silly augurs Well for your Intelligence; but not to see Much Sense in Shakspeare implies that you are Uneducated."

And he did not Call Again.

This teaches us that it is Possible to Get Too Much of a Good Thing.

THE WOMAN WHO LOOKED
AHEAD



THE WOMAN WHO LOOKED AHEAD

THERE was once a Woman who Became the Admiration of her Friends, owing to the Manner in which she Employed the Period of her Engagement to the Man of her Choice. She was Far from Wasting the Hours in Matinées and Walks and Drives, as did the Other young Women of her Acquaintance. She Went to Cooking Classes and Home Nursing Lectures and Kindergarten Training Schools instead.

“Marriage,” said she, “is a Serious Thing. It is Sickening to me to Observe Women rushing Lightly into the Solemn Responsibilities of The Home and Motherhood, entirely Without any Previous Training.” So that at the Time of

Fables for the Fair

her Marriage there was Very Little that she Did not Know.

Her Husband had Regretted the Loss of the Matinées, the Walks and the Drives of their Engagement Period. "Now that we are Married," he said, "I Hope that you will Find the Time for Some of These Things. It will be a Gay Season in Town this year. We will Improve the Passing Hour."

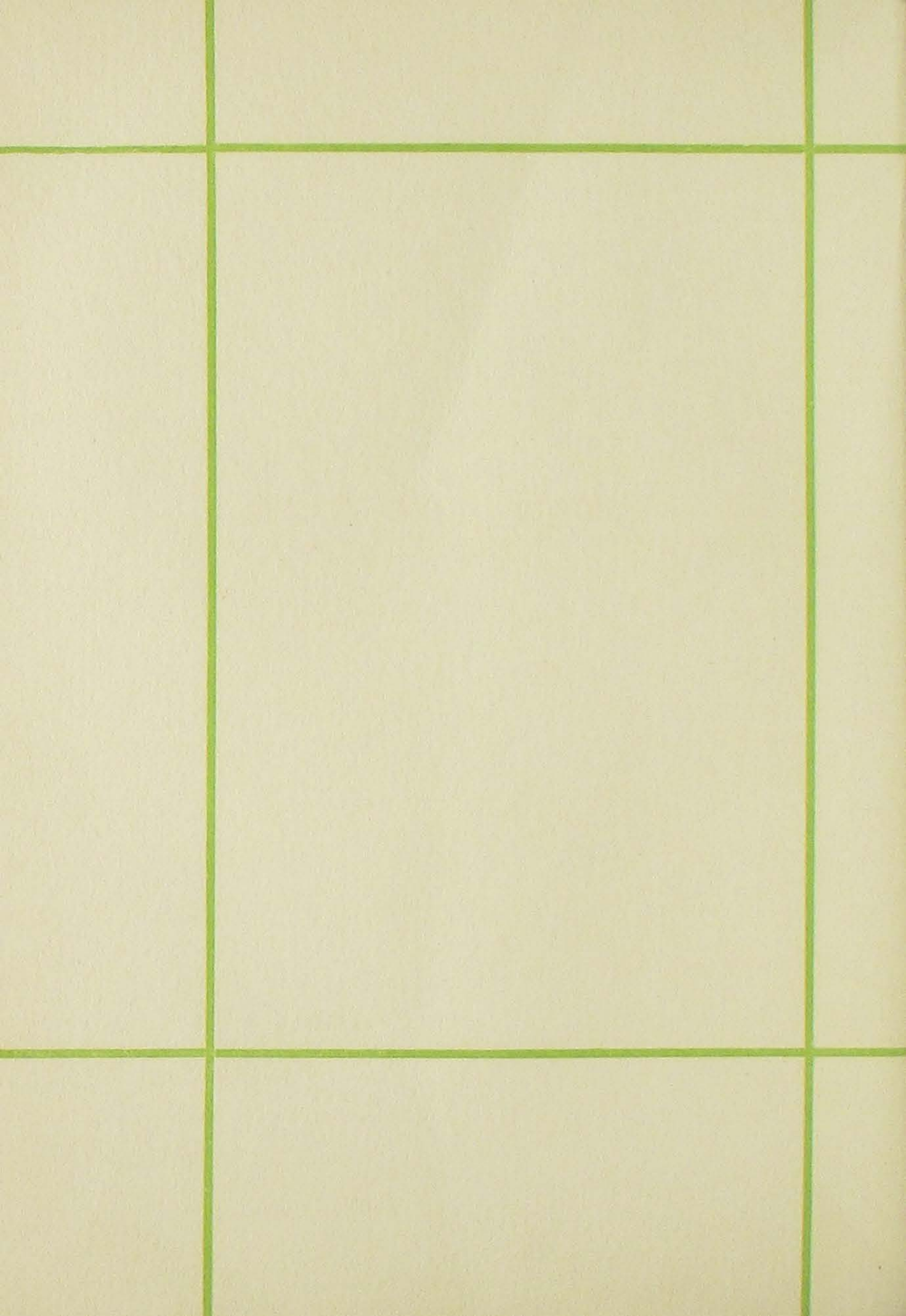
"I am Glad," replied his Wife, "that One of Us can Look Beyond the Passing Hour into the Future. I am Convinced that Failure to Do this is Responsible for the Wrecked Families we see All About us. For You and Me the City is all Very Well, but we Owe our Helpless innocent Children a better Home. Children Need the Country. They must Grow Up in the Midst of Cows and Hay and Green Trees. Less than that is Cruelty. Any

Fables for the Fair

Book will Tell you That. An Apartment is Not a Home."

So they Bought an Abandoned Farm on the Outskirts of a Suburb and Built up a Home There. The Woman was Sustained by her Principles, but Her Husband Disliked the Country. In Time he Lost his Digestion Catching Trains. Quite often he Lost his Trains, too. On the Whole they were Not very Happy. And they Never Had any Children.

This teaches us that Prevention is sometimes Worse than Cure.



THE WOMAN WHO FELL
BETWEEN TWO FIGURES



THE WOMAN WHO FELL BETWEEN TWO FIGURES

THERE was once a Woman who Wished to Make an Impression upon a Friend of her Brother. She had Observed that this Friend was Much Interested in a very Athletic Girl who Played Tennis extremely Well. And yet He seemed pleased Also with a Society Girl who did Nothing well But Dress Her-self.

“I will Combine Both these Methods,” thought the Woman, “and Win Out in a Short Time.”

After a While her Brother, who was Observing her Tactics, called her to One Side and Addressed her thus:

“Allow me to Inform You,” said he, “that you are Making a Great Mistake. If you wish to Make a Success in the

Fables for the Fair

Tennis Line you will have to Dress more Loosely and be Willing to look a Little Redder in the Face, because Otherwise you Cannot Play well. If, on the Other Hand, it is your Object to Look Stunning, you must Wear a Tighter and a Longer Skirt and Not Dash about so, which Spoils your Complexion. As it is, you are Thrown Out of Both Classes."

This teaches us that you Cannot Blouse your Waist and Have it Too.

THE WOMAN WHO UNDER-
STOOD OPERA



THE WOMAN WHO UNDERSTOOD OPERA

THERE was once a Woman who Thoroughly Understood and appreciated Grand Opera. She was Accustomed to Purchase a Libretto Weeks Ahead, and she Played the Score through on her Piano Before she Went to a Performance. So she always Knew What they were Singing and When it was Over. She had a Cousin who did Not Know an Oboe from a Snare-drum, nor a Tenor from a Basso. Nevertheless she Enjoyed the Opera.

One day they were Presented to a Great Tenor. The Woman who Understood Opera spoke to him as Follows :

"Do you not Think the Overture to 'Tannhäuser' is a Beautiful Thing? I Adore Wagner. Don't you? But I

Fables for the Fair

Thought that the Brasses were a little Flat and that the Eighth Bar of Your Aria in the First Scene was a Little Hurried. Am I Right?"

"Very Probably," replied the Great Tenor. "And does your Cousin, too, Like the Opera?"

"Very much," said the Cousin. "Especially since I have learned to Distinguish between the Kinds."

"And How do you Do that?" inquired the Great Tenor, with Interest.

"Oh, there are Many Points of Difference," she replied. "In the First Place, the Women wear Flowing Robes in German Opera, but Corsets and Trains in Other Kinds. Then you Yourself wear High Boots and a Long Mantle in Italian, but Low Shoes and a Short Mantle in German."

"What you Say is True," remarked the

Fables for the Fair

Great Tenor, "and More than That, it is Interesting. If I had Known this Before, I should have Saved Myself much Confusion. Pray Continue."

"A Good Way to Tell is by the Chorus," said the Cousin. "In German Opera they are Differently Dressed, but in Other Kinds they all Look Alike and Put their Hands on their Hearts all Together. That is the Safest Way to Tell."

"Henceforth I shall Observe the Chorus very Carefully," said the Great Tenor. "You are Evidently an Adept at This. I suppose you Rarely make a Mistake?"

"Not Often," said the Cousin, Modestly. "Although Some things are Perplexing. They Wave their Arms About much the Same in Both Kinds, and the Heroines almost always wear Bronze Slippers with Two Straps. So sometimes,

Fables for the Fair

when Your Mantle is Medium Length, I have No Means of Judging."

"I am Sure that All you Need is a little More Practice," said the Great Tenor, "and it would Give me Great Pleasure to Place a Chair in the Orchestra at your Disposal for To-morrow Night, when I will See that my Mantle is Unmistakably Shortened. I should be Glad to Include your Cousin but Unfortunately I have No More Seats Left."

This teaches us that the Parquet is Not Paved with Good Intentions.

THE WOMAN WHO MADE
A CONQUEST



THE WOMAN WHO MADE A CONQUEST

THERE was once a Woman who Succeeded in Attaching to Herself a very Eligible young Man. She had Taken great Pains to do this, and she was very Much Gratified at the Result of her Labors. So was Her Mother. They Walked upon the Pier daily with the Young Man to Show him Off.

“See what my Daughter has Done for Herself!” said the Mother. “And yet it was Nothing to her—she Accomplished it all Very Easily. They are as Good As Engaged. It is Wonderful how my daughter Attracts Everybody.”

The Other Women heard this and Resented It. “If She can Attract him so Easily,” said they, “it would Be a Pity if We could Not.”

Fables for the Fair

And they Set About it with Such Zeal that in a Few Days the eligible Young Man decided that with So Many to Choose From he need Not Make Up his Mind Immediately, and the Woman's Opportunity was Lost. Then her Mother Regretted her Premature Satisfaction, but it was Too Late.

This teaches us that She Laughs Best who Laughs Least.

THE WOMAN WHO MADE
A GOOD WIFE



THE WOMAN WHO MADE A GOOD WIFE

THERE was once a Woman whose Fiancé was Exceedingly Particular.

"Before I Establish You as the Eternal Arbitress of my Destiny," he said, "I should like you to Tell me Truly to what you Owe your Beautiful Complexion. I have a Deep-seated Horror of all Artificial Aids to such Beauty."

"I Know Nothing of Them," she replied, "Nor am I quite Certain, in Fact, to What you Refer. I rely on a Careful Diet, Regular Hours, Out-door Exercise, and Pears' Soap, which I have found Matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

"Say no More!" he Cried, "but Name the Day. I have been Looking for you All my Life."

Fables for the Fair

One Day after they had been Married for Some Time, he Found in his Wife's Room a large Box filled with Retiring Lotion, Face Bleach, Indian Balm, Pearl Powder, and Honey and Almond Cream. "What may These Be?" he asked in Amazement and Disgust.

"These," his Wife replied Blushingly, "I Sell to the Unfortunate Women who are Addicted to the Use of such Vile Stuff, and When I have Sold a Sufficient Quantity I Get, by means of the Coupon System, either a Lady's Safety or a Hunting Case Gold Watch. Which will Save you the Expense of Buying One for Me."

Tears rose in the Man's Eyes. "I have Not Deserved so Much," he said Feelingly. "Not only does my Wife Scorn all Adventitious Aids to her Toilet, but she Considers my Salary as well

Fables for the Fair

as my Tastes. I will Give you your Choice of the Articles you have Mentioned, and Borrow the Money to Buy it." And he was as Good as His Word.

This teaches us that Handsome Is n't unless Handsome Does.



THE WOMAN WHO WAS
TOO DISINTERESTED



THE WOMAN WHO WAS TOO DISINTERESTED

THERE was once a Woman whose Fiancé Evinc'd an Interest in Somebody Else. To this she Paid No Attention.

Said she, "I shall Not Place a Straw in his Way! he must Act as his Conscience Dictates."

"He is much More Likely," said her Friends, "to Act as the Other Woman Dictates unless you Take some Trouble to Prevent It. Although he is really Fonder of You."

"Then there is No Occasion for my Taking any Trouble," said she. "I rely on my own Fidelity and the Support of a Good Conscience."

Later her Fiancé assured her that He

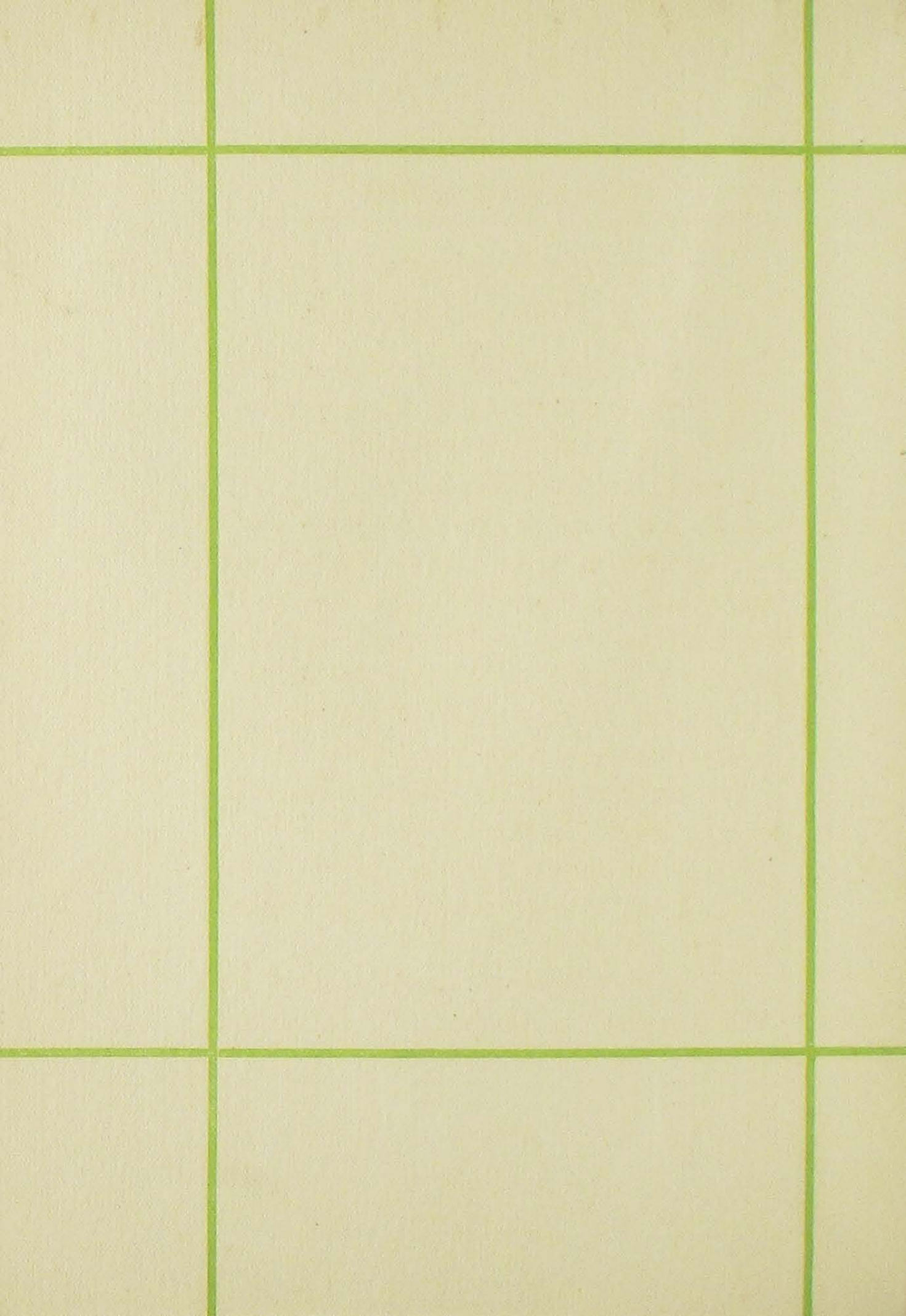
Fables for the Fair

was Unworthy of Her, and Still Later he Married the Other Woman.

Nor did she Win even the Pity of Her Friends, because they Considered that she had Brought it On Herself.

This teaches us that Virtue is its Only Reward.

THE WOMAN WHO DELIB-
ERATED



THE WOMAN
WHO DELIBERATED

THERE was Once a Woman who Endeavored to Please her Husband in Every Particular. This is a very Difficult Thing to do.

"Among the Many Faults of your Sex," he was Accustomed to Say, "is Flightiness. You Jump too Hastily at Conclusions. If you would Devote the Mature Consideration of a Business Man to Your Affairs, they would Meet with Better Success. I Wish you would Remember This."

On one Occasion he Informed her that he was About to Present her with a Fine Piece of Fur for a Christmas Present. He Invited her to Accompany Him and Make her Own Selection.

When they Reached the Fur Shop the Woman Said to Herself, "Now is the

Fables for the Fair

Time to Delight Him with my Mature Consideration. I will Not Jump too Hastily at That Jacket, but Weigh the Merits of the Other Pieces."

Accordingly she Reasoned as follows :

" I will Not take the Long Coat, for it is Too Expensive, but I will Try it On. I will Not take the Collarete, for it would Not be Warm Enough, but I will Try it On. I will not take the Boa, for it will Not Look as if it Cost Enough, but I will Try it On. I will Not take the Cape, for it is Not Fashionable, but I will Try it On." And she did So.

Her Husband could Contain himself No longer. " For Heaven's Sake, woman, Make Up your Mind ! " he cried. " You will Drive Me to an Insane Asylum with your Diddling Ways ! I should Have Had the Garment half Worn Out by Now. I will Cure you of Shopping if I

Fables for the Fair

Cure you of Nothing Else. Take what you Have On and Let us Get Away !”

When they had Reached their Home he Addressed her Thus :

“That Cape is Not Nearly so Becoming as the Jacket would Have Been !”

This teaches us that the Woman who Deliberates is Bossed.



THE WOMAN WHO BE-
LIEVED IN EARLY RISING



THE WOMAN WHO
BELIEVED IN EARLY RISING

THERE was once a Woman who Felt that her Husband stayed Out too Late at Night. She therefore Devised a Plan to Cure him of this. Her Plan was to Rise Early in order to Insure his Retiring Early.

"Only in this Way will he be Able to get Enough Sleep," she said.

Her Husband, who usually Endeavored to Please her, rose Without Complaint at Six O'clock, but Continued to stay Out Late. Perceiving that her Purpose was Not Accomplished, the Woman Changed the Hour to Five O'clock.

"The Morning Hours are the Best for Work," she said, "and I Understand that the Morning Air possesses Great Virtues."

Fables for the Fair

Her Husband objected, but Rose at Five, as she Wished.

Still he Continued to Come In Late. Then the Woman fixed the Hour at Four-thirty.

"I have Always Enjoyed seeing the Sun Rise," she said.

"In that Case," said her Husband decidedly, "I Shall Not go to bed At All, since it would Not be Worth my While. I will Stay up All Night and take my Sleep at My Office in the Afternoon. So We will have Breakfast at Three O'clock, if you like."

This teaches us that the Early Worm will Turn.

THE WOMAN WHO TOOK
ADVICE



THE WOMAN
WHO TOOK ADVICE

THERE was once a Woman who Had the Opportunity of Marrying Either of Two Brothers she Preferred. Since they had Both of them Good Points she decided to Consult their Sister as to Which in her Opinion would Make the Best Husband. "I Think," she said, "that I shall Take John. He is So Good."

"Yes," said the Sister; "but He Sups his Soup and Sugars his Lettuce. To say nothing of Buttering his Bread in Slabs. We have Never been Able to Teach him Better."

"But he Reads Browning so Beautifully!" cried the Woman.

"You will Hear him Eat Soup Oftener than you will Hear him Read Browning," said the Sister.

Fables for the Fair

"I am Sure that he would Never Love any Other Woman but Me so Long as he Lived," said the Woman.

"But he has an Inveterate Habit of Reading Aloud all the Jokes in all the Funny columns of all the Papers, No Matter what You are Reading," replied the Sister. "You would Find that very Trying, as you are Fond of Reading to Yourself."

"I am Sure he would Give his Life for Me!" cried the Woman.

"If you will Pause and Consider," replied the Sister, "you will Realize that the Probabilities of his being Called upon to Do That are very Few indeed. Whereas the fact that he is very Careless about Brushing his Clothes will be Daily Apparent to you."

"Dear Me!" said the Woman. "And are Henry's Manners so Perfect?"

Fables for the Fair

"They are All a Woman could Desire," replied the Sister. "He will Escort you Anywhere Evenings and he Always Admires your Singing."

"But are you Sure that Down in the Bottom of his Heart he is a Perfectly Good Man?" asked the Woman.

"Not at all," replied the Sister. "I have No Means of Seeing the Bottom of his Heart. But he Always Opens the Door for me and Hopes I Slept Well."

"How do you Know," said the Woman, "that in some Tremendous Spiritual Crisis he would not Fail Me?"

"I Don't," the Sister replied. "We have Never had Any of Those in the Family. I should Not Marry with a View to having Them, I Think. But you are Certain to have Soup."

"Very well," said the Woman, "if that is your Advice, I will take Henry."

Fables for the Fair

Which she Did and Lived Happily ever
Afterward.

This teaches us to Take Care of the
Manners, and the Morals will Take Care
of Themselves.

THE WOMAN WHO TOOK
THINGS LITERALLY



THE WOMAN WHO TOOK THINGS LITERALLY

THERE was once a Woman who Invited a Celebrated Scientist to Take Tea with her. After Tea a Beggar came to the Door and Asked for a Meal. She remembered the Last Page of the Celebrated Scientist's last Essay, and addressed the Beggar thus :

"While I Regret to see you Suffering from Hunger, I Realize that I Injure Society more in Catering to Your Idleness than I Hurt my Feelings in Refusing your intrinsically Vicious Request." And she Sent him Away.

"Great Heavens !" cried the Celebrated Scientist. "It is Hard Enough for Me to act Thus, and I am Forced to in Order to be Consistent. But a Woman, whose Every Instinct should be Charity

Fables for the Fair

and Sympathy Incarnate—it is Disgusting!”

This teaches us that What is Sauce for the Gander may be Saucy for the Goose.

THE WOMAN WHO HAD
BROAD VIEWS



THE WOMAN WHO HAD BROAD VIEWS

THERE was once a Woman who Held very Broad Views. Of these Views she Often Spoke, as is the Habit of Those who Hold them. But though she was Very Advanced, she had her Little Plans, just Like the Rest of Us. One Day she was Talking with a Man who was Interested in Her, and therefore, as she Thought, in Her Views. For even Advanced Women make this Error Occasionally.

“If I were Married,” she said, “I should Never for One Moment expect My Husband to Confide his Past to me. I should Consider it to be None of My Business. Nor should I Feel that he was Necessarily Immoral if he Looked at Any Other Woman but Me. For that is

Fables for the Fair

Idiotic, considering that Men are only Human."

The Man smiled Approvingly.

"You are Quite Right," he said. "If More Women were Like You, the World would be a Happier Place. But Few are so Broad-minded."

"And then," said the Woman, "I should Expect the Same Tolerance from Him; for Women are Only Human, too."

The Man Drew away his Chair. "I Fear," said he, somewhat Coldly, "that you are Carrying Matters a Little Too Far. The Constitution of Society requires Some Foundation. There are Certain Things a Man has a Right to Exact from His Wife."

And he Engaged Himself to a Recent Graduate of a Convent School.

This teaches us that the Broad Road is More than Likely to Lead to Destruction.

THE WOMAN WHO
MOURNED HER HUSBAND



THE WOMAN WHO
MOURNED HER HUSBAND

THERE was once a Woman who Felt Obligated to Censure an Acquaintance of hers, a Widow like Herself, because she Continued to Play Golf after her Husband's Death.

"It is Most Unseemly," she said, with Severity, "to Show so Little Respect to your Husband's Memory as to Indulge in such Idle Amusements. Recollect that He may be Watching you, for it is my Belief that the Spirits of the Departed have this Privilege, and Consider his Feelings."

"Yet you Yourself attend the Opera Regularly," said the Misguided Friend, "and that is an Amusement, too, although I am Forced to Admit that for Me it would Not be an Idle One. Recollect that Your husband may be Watching you Also."

Fables for the Fair

"That is a very Different Thing," replied the Conscientious Widow. "Wagner is Most Educative, besides Providing great Spiritual Satisfaction to True Music Lovers. It would Never Occur to Me, however, to Feel that I was at all Justified in Chasing a Ball over a Field. Besides, I am Not Fond of Athletics. My Husband Could not but Rejoice that I am Enabled to find such a Suitable Consolation so Easily, and I do not Doubt that he Does."

This teaches us that It's a wise Ghost that Knows its Own Widow.

THE WOMAN WHO PLAYED
"CYRANO"



THE WOMAN WHO PLAYED "CYRANO"

THERE was once a Woman who was very Plain. She was also Clever. She had a Friend who was Far from being Either. Her Friend was much Interested in a Brilliant Man who was an Author. The Author begged to Correspond with her, but she Knew that he would Not Care to Keep it Up long, because she could Not write Clever Letters, nor Understand them, for that matter.

"I will Write them For You," said the Plain Woman. "I think it would Be Amusing, and I should Like to be Amused."

"Oh, How Kind you Are!" said her Friend, Gratefully.

The Woman had seen "Cyrano," and so she Knew how These Things Worked.

Fables for the Fair

She Wrote many Letters, and also Taught her Friend to Play Up to them Subsequently in Conversation. Finally the Author Got to the Point where he, as it were, Offered to Share his Desk with her.

"It is now Time for a Coup d'Etat," said the Woman. "You must Tell him the Truth, and Let him See Who it is that he Really Loves."

Her Friend was Frightened, and when the Author came Again she Confessed.

"You have been Laboring Under a Delusion," she said. "I Cannot tell a Lie, because you would Certainly Find me Out later. She wrote them."

"Who? That Thin One?" said the Author, in Surprise. "You don't Say so!"

"Shall I Call her Down?" said the Friend, sadly.

Fables for the Fair

"Not by a Great Deal!" said the Author, Decidedly. "Why do we Want her?"

"Why!" exclaimed the Friend, "Don't you want to Marry her?"

"You Precious little Idiot!" said the Author. "Do you Imagine that A Man Marries a Portfolio? Now don't Cry, or you'll make your Lovely Eyes all Red."

This teaches us that All the World's Not the Stage.



THE WOMAN WHO CAUGHT
THE IDEA



THE WOMAN WHO CAUGHT THE IDEA

THERE was once a Woman whose Fiancé had a Decided Theory regarding the most Desirable Characteristics of the Sexes. This Theory, in a Word, was that a Woman should be Like a Clinging Vine, while a Man should Resemble a Sturdy Oak. For Many Years, therefore, the Woman had Practised Clinging with Great Success. One day, However, her Fiancé grew Critical of her Method and Addressed her thus :

“The Century is Progressing, and it Behooves Us to Progress with it. How can I Produce Great Works with no Mental Stimulus? I Want to be Criticised—appreciatively—Not Admired. March Abreast of Me and be my Spiritual Comrade, not my Slave. A Woman is the

Fables for the Fair

Noblest of God's Works. She Symbolizes a Number of Things. Let me Feel that your Blind Adulation has some Valuable Basis. Do you Catch the Idea? "

The Woman was Thunderstruck.

"I am Afraid Not," she said, sadly. "Not Immediately, at Least. I must Admit that though I Admire your Work Dreadfully I can Not Understand it At All. I have been Clinging too Long."

So they Broke off the Engagement. The Fiancé found a Progressive and Stimulating Woman who Agreed to Criticise him and March Abreast of him. The only Trouble with this was that Not Only did she March Abreast, but it Seemed Probable that she would Get Ahead. Also she had a Work of Her Own, which sometimes Interfered with His.

This was Hard to Bear, and the Fiancé

Fables for the Fair

Found that his Views had Changed, and this time Forever.

"I have been a Fool," he said, bravely. "I was Wrong. I will Go Back to my Old Love. She cannot Criticise, Thank Heaven, but she can Cling. I will Carry on my Work, and she will sit in a Low Chair with a Basket of Little Clothes and the Lamplight falling on her Hair in the Good Old Way. And if she Cannot Understand my Work, what of that? I can. A Man wants Sympathy, not Criticism."

So he Returned to his Old Love and said, "Let All Be as it was Before."

"I am Afraid that can Not be," she replied, Sadly. "Since I Lost You I have Given Up Clinging, and I have Caught Your Idea. I had to Sympathize with Someone, so I have Taken Up a Work of My Own. Judging from your Tone I think you Would Fail to Comprehend

Fables for the Fair

it. The Century is Progressing and Things can Never Be as they Were Before."

This teaches us that It's Well to Be On with the Old Love Before you are Off with the New.

THE WOMAN WHO HELPED
HER SISTER



THE WOMAN WHO HELPED HER SISTER

THERE was once a Woman who had Read in a Book that the Best Way to Become Dear to a Man was to Cook appetizing Dishes for Him. Therefore when a Nice Man Called on Her it was Her Custom to Retire to the Dining-room and Compose Delicious Lunches in a Chafing-dish, leaving her Sister to Entertain the Man till her Return. Her Sister would not Learn to Cook, because she did Not Care to.

One Day the Man invited the Woman to Go to the Theatre with him. This she would have Liked to do Very Much, but she Remembered What she had Read, and replied :

“I will Tell you Something Better. Take my Sister to the Theatre, and when

Fables for the Fair

you Come Home I will have a Nice Supper waiting For You."

"Oh, very Well!" said the Man. That evening he Fell in Love with the Sister, and Some Time Later he asked her to Marry him.

"But I Thought it was My Sister you Came to See," said she; "and besides that I Fear I should Make a Poor Wife. I am Not Practical and I Cannot Cook."

"As to that," replied the Man, "I came at First, it is True, to see Your Sister, but I saw Very Little of her because she Stayed in the Dining-room So Much. So that I Grew to Admire You. And as for your Not Cooking, that is Easily Arranged. Your Sister can Live with Us and Manage All That very nicely.

This teaches us that you must Catch your Hare before you Cook for Him.

THE WOMAN WHO COULD
NOT SEW



THE WOMAN WHO COULD NOT SEW

THERE was once a Woman who was So extraordinarily Clever as to be able to Persuade a Man that she was Beautiful. But she was not Domestic. She wrote Fascinating Letters which made the Man Believe that to Have Any One like That in the House he would Willingly Hire a Housekeeper. But he was Set in his Ways, which was One of the Reasons why she Liked him So much. One Day he stole up Behind Her as she sat Composing a Fascinating Letter to him, and saw a Large Hole in her Stocking.

“I am Afraid this will Not Do,” he said, and Broke the Engagement.

Afterward the Woman attended Classes

Fables for the Fair

in Domestic Science, including Sewing,
but her Efforts were Unavailing.

This teaches us that it is Sometimes too
Late to Mend.

THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED
HER DAUGHTER



THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED HER DAUGHTER

THERE was once a Woman who was Very Anxious to Have her Daughter well Married. For this Purpose she Selected an Eligible Young Man who had but One Fault. This Fault was great Timidity.

“If he had Not been so Timid he would have Been Acquired by somebody Long Since,” said the Woman’s Friends, “and it is Not Likely that your Daughter, who has a very Haughty Appearance, would Succeed where So Many of Us have Failed; for We also Have Daughters.”

But the Thoughtful Mother refused to Listen to these Sneers.

“I have Made a Study of These Mat-

Fables for the Fair

ters," she said, "and I have Observed that your Efforts are Put Forth at the Wrong Time. You Entertain young Men at Summer Places, where Competition is far Too Keen, and in the Winter Season, when Men are far Too Busy. I have a Better Plan."

In Accordance with this Plan, she did Not go Away for the Summer, but Stayed in Town. Toward the end of August she Invited the Eligible Young Man to Dinner. He Accepted eagerly, for he had been Living in Restaurants, and Depending largely upon Roof Gardens for his Entertainment. He therefore Fully Appreciated the Society of the Thoughtful Mother and her Daughter. In Fact, at the End of the Evening he Proposed for the Hand of the Latter, which was His immediately.

"How many Summers I have Spent

Fables for the Fair

Toiling in the City with No such Home
as This!" he exclaimed thankfully.

So they were All Pleased.

This teaches us that Good Wine some-
times Needs a Bush.



THE WOMAN WHO COULD
NOT HELP HERSELF



THE WOMAN WHO COULD NOT HELP HERSELF

THERE was once a Woman who had Never Learned how to Swim, although she Went in Bathing every day in the Summer. She had a Friend who had Acquired this Art with Some Trouble, and was very Proud of her Proficiency in it.

“It is Absurd,” said this Friend, “to Live Near the Water and Not Swim. It Makes you very Attractive to Good Swimmers if you can Go Out with them, and they do Not Feel that you are a Drag on their Pleasures. What would you Do in Case you Fell off the Pier? Now, Watch me!”

With these words she Dived off into the Water and Swam about By Herself.

“It is a Good Thing to have a Woman

Fables for the Fair

Swim so Well," said one of the Men near by. "Now, if Any of the Children Fall Into the Water, She can Rescue them."

Just then the Woman who Could Not help Herself uttered a Scream and Fell into the Sea. Instantly Five Men leaped in to Rescue Her, and Spent the Rest of the Day Resuscitating her and Inquiring How she Was, leaving the Swimmer to Dive by Herself.

This teaches us that Nothing Succeeds like Distress.

THE WOMAN WHO BRIBED
HER NIECE



THE WOMAN WHO BRIBED HER NIECE

THERE was once a Woman who had Two Nieces. One Day she Called them Both to her and Spoke as follows :

“If you will Remove those Birds from your Hats,” she said, “I will give Each of You a beautiful Live Bird in a Neat Cage. They will Carol and Twitter all Day, and you will Not have the Debasing Consciousness of having Destroyed the Life of a Living Creature. Moreover, by Trimming your Hats with Ribbon Loops you will Present a far more Attractive Appearance. If anything Disgusts a Man, it is the Cruelty of Women in this Regard.”

“I shall be Glad to Do as you Suggest,” said One Niece.

“And I shall do No Such Thing,” said

Fables for the Fair

the Other. "To Begin with, I had Just as Soon adorn a Hat as a Cage, if I were a Bird. And what is More to the Purpose, the Hat is very Becoming to me As it Is."

"Then I will Give your Sister Both the Birds," said her Aunt.

Later on a Young Man begged the Aunt to Introduce him to her Niece.

"Which one?" said she.

"The One with the Yellow Wing in her Hat," replied the Young Man. "I did Not Notice any Other."

"My Other Niece has a far Better Disposition," said the Woman, "and a much Kinder Heart. She would Not take the Life of Harmless Birds, but keeps Hers in a Cage, and is Devotedly Attached to Them. Would you not Prefer to meet Her?"

"I think Not," replied the Young

Fables for the Fair

Man. "I Especially Admired the One with the Yellow Wing. And Personally I do Not Care for Birds as Pets. I Think they are Noisy and Messy."

This teaches us that a Bird in the Hat is Worth Two in the Cage.



THE WOMAN WHO KNEW
TOO MUCH



THE WOMAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

THERE was once a Woman who Understood her Fellow Men very Thoroughly. This Endearred her to Many of Them, but as she was Very Particular in Her Tastes, they Seldom Suited her. Finally, however, she Found a Man who Perfectly Satisfied all her Requirements. She then Brought to Bear upon him All her Information concerning His Sex, which was Great. One day the Man's Sister Called on Her and said, "It is a Good Thing that you are So Strong, for so is He, and He does Not Like Delicate Women."

At this the Woman Smiled. "I should be Very Foolish were I to Act on This Hint," said she. "My Knowledge of Men teaches me that Such Men invari-

Fables for the Fair

ably Prefer Women of Opposite Disposition from Themselves." So when he Next Saw her she Told him that she was Terribly Afraid of Mice and Could Not Walk Far.

Again His Sister Called on Her and said, "It is a Good Thing that you Understand Politics so Well, for he is Much Interested in them, and says that All Intelligent Women should be, too."

The Woman Smiled Wisely. "I should be More than Foolish were I to Allow myself to be Deceived by This," she said. "When a Woman admits that she can Master Politics, then it is All Up with Her. A Man's last claim to Superiority is Gone, and Life would be Unendurable to Him without That." So when he next Saw her she Asked him if it were True that Republicans were Better Dressed than Democrats, and why So

Fables for the Fair

Many People were Betting Sixteen to One on the Election.

By and by he Stopped Calling, and she Learned to her Horror that he had Engaged himself to a Woman who had Written a Pamphlet on the Silver Question. She herself had Given a great Many Ideas on this Subject to the Other Woman. Thus she Realized that the Man was Peculiar.

This teaches us that Things are Sometimes What they Seem.



THE WOMAN WHO TALKED
WELL



THE WOMAN WHO TALKED WELL

THERE was once a Woman who had Remarkable Conversational Powers. Her Friends admired her Very Much. Once they Planned a Dinner Party in her Honor. To this Party they Invited a Man who was what is known as The Life of the Occasion. He was One of Those People who Set the Table in a Roar. The Hostess had Planned for him to Take Out the Woman of the Conversational Powers. To her Surprise, he Refused, Politely but Forcibly, to do this.

"Why, I Thought you would Enjoy each other So Much!" said the Hostess. "She is such a Fascinating Talker—so Brilliant! You, of All People, would Appreciate Her."

Fables for the Fair

"On the Contrary," said the Man who could Set the Table in a Roar. "Far From It. That Woman Irritates me Beyond Endurance. Every Time I Open my Mouth, she knows What I am Going to Say beforehand, and More than That, she Talks All the Time herself. I am Sorry to Disoblige you, but you must Give me Somebody Else."

"Here is a List of the Ladies," said the Hostess. "Take your Choice."

"I will take This One," said he, "for she Stutters."

This teaches us that Birds of a Feather occasionally Prefer to Flock Apart.

THE WOMAN WHO ADAPT-
ED HERSELF



THE WOMAN WHO ADAPTED HERSELF.

THERE was once a Woman who was Asked to Sing at a Summer Entertainment for the Benefit of a Country Library which None of the Natives Wanted. Having heard that her Rival in the Vocal Arena was also going to Sing she Laid a Plan to Annihilate her.

"The Foolish Thing will be Sure to Sing Something entirely Over their Heads," she reasoned, "and Make them feel Awkward by displaying her most Gorgeous Toilette—which will be Very Unkind of her, to be sure. I will Teach her a Thing or Two."

On the Night of the Concert the Country People had Assembled from Far and Near to See the Swell Ladies and Gentlemen.

Fables for the Fair

The Woman who was Asked to Sing appeared in a Simple White Muslin with a Wild Rose in her Hair. An Old Man from the Village accompanied her on his Violin, as she sang "Annie Laurie." For an Encore she sang "Home, Sweet Home," so Touchingly that the Old Man Wept and Played very Flat. He Lived in the Poor House.

But the other Country People were both Surprised and Disgusted. "Goodness Alive!" said they, "is that All? Our Jenny Knows that Piece. And Malvina's Graduation Dress had More Ruffles than That. Uncle Hezekiah looks like a Fool."

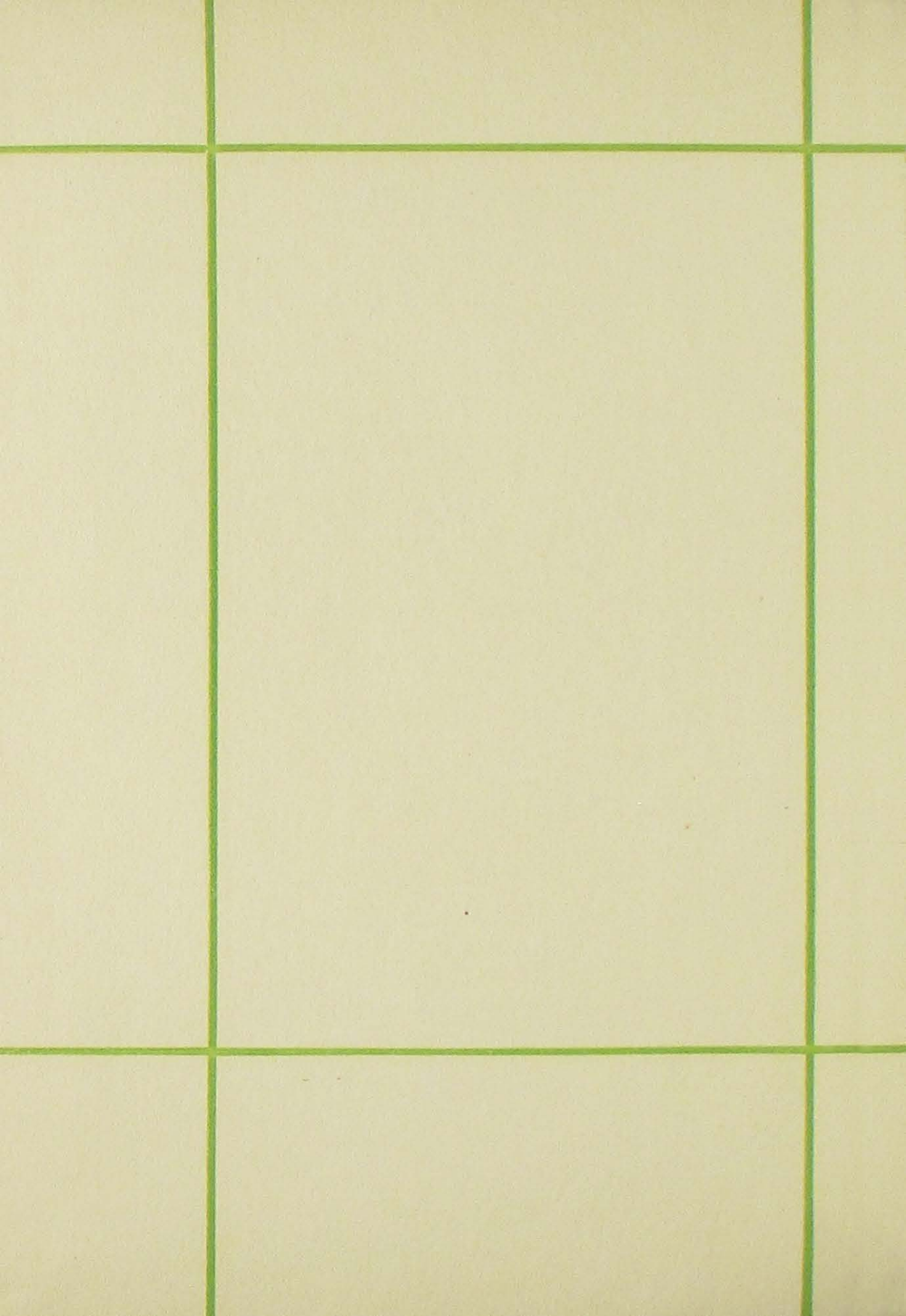
Nor were the City People better Pleased. "She certainly Has a Great deal of Nerve," said they. "One would Think she was Patti, or Melba at the Least," and they Refused to Applaud.

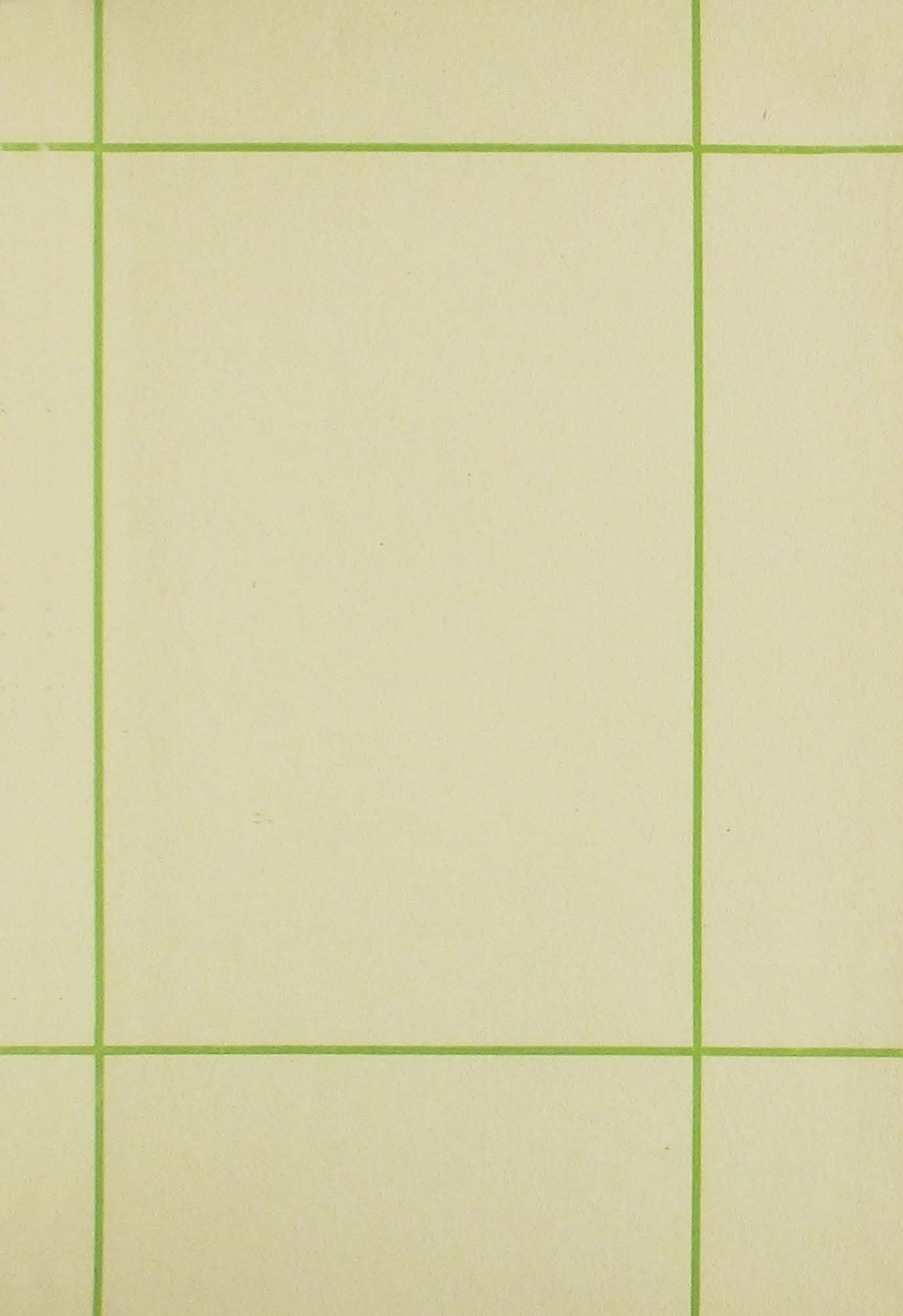
Fables for the Fair

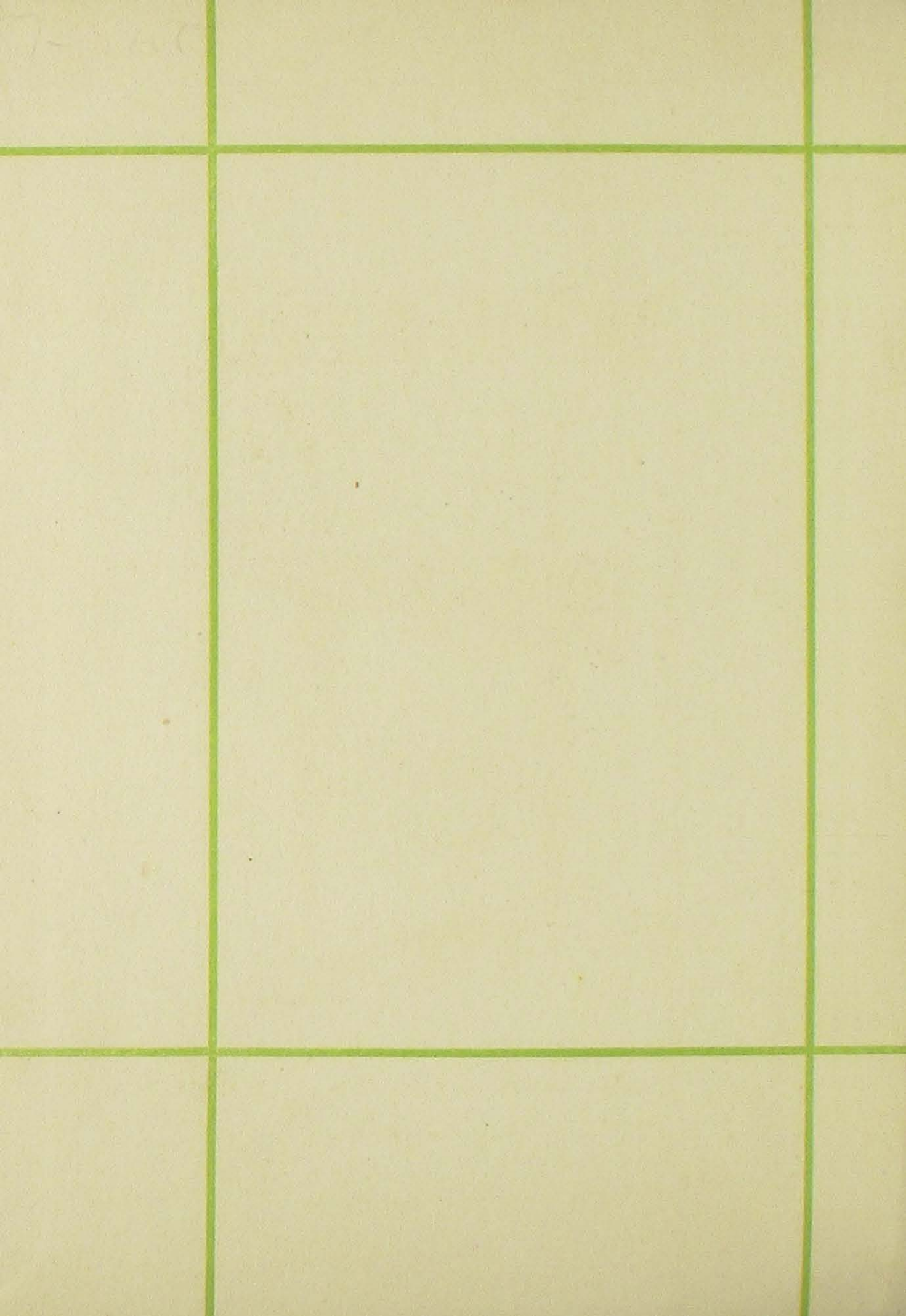
The Rival wore Silver Brocade with Turquoise Chiffon. She had an Aigrette in her Hair and carried a Bouquet of Orchids. Her first Song was Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin," in German, and was Wildly Applauded, everyone Wishing to Show that he Understood it Perfectly. As an Encore she sang a French Selection. Being Urged to sing a Third time, she gave a Spanish Toreador Song, which was Deeply Appreciated.

The Country Paper the Next Day Described her Costume as Extremely Tasteful and Remarked that it was a Real Pleasure to hear Old Favorites Rendered with Such Spirit.

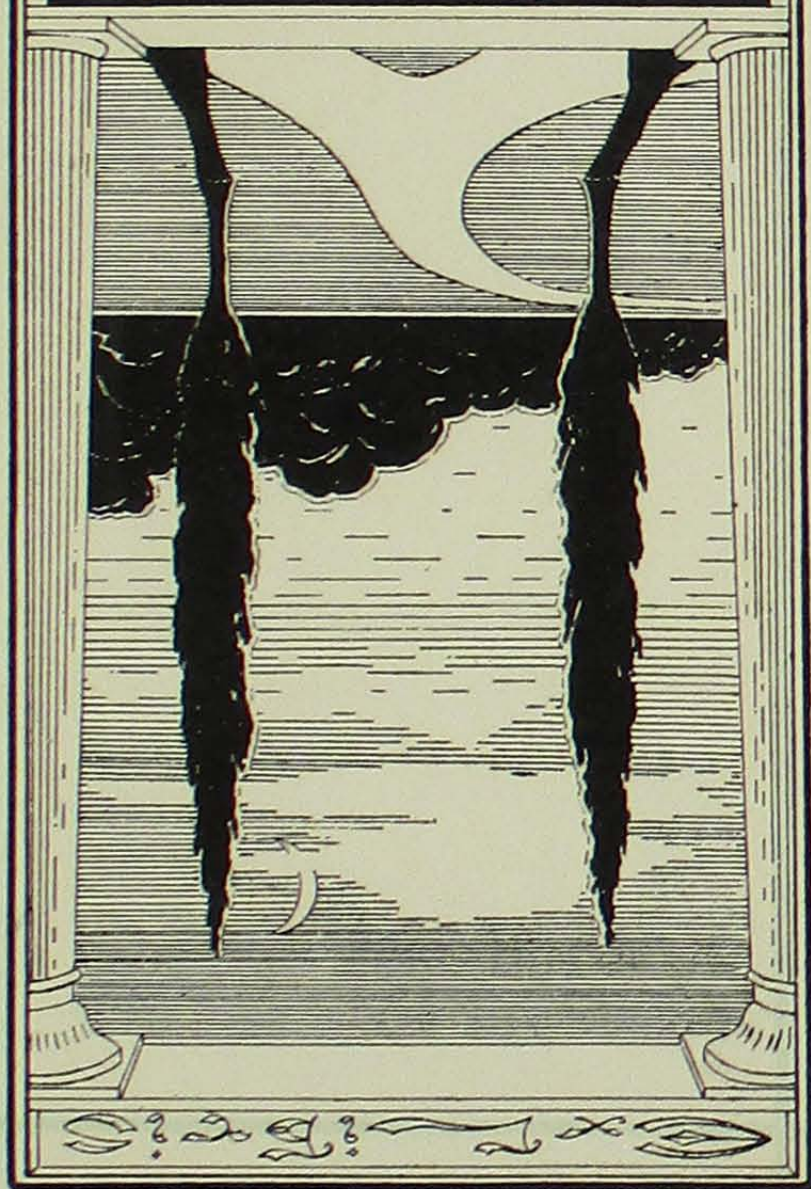
This teaches us that When in Rome we should Do as the Romans Don't.







EDNA STONE



Edna Stone

